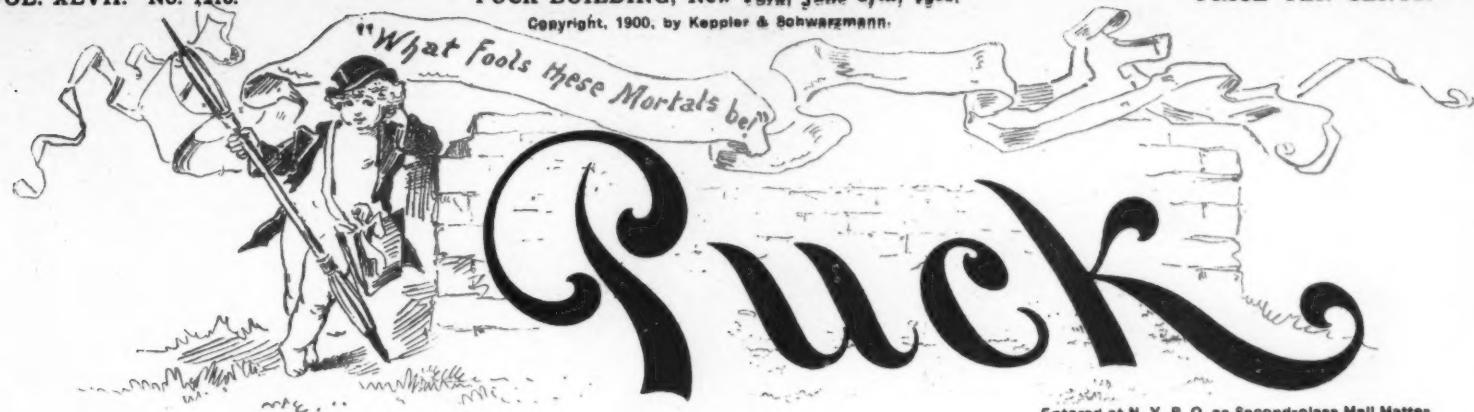


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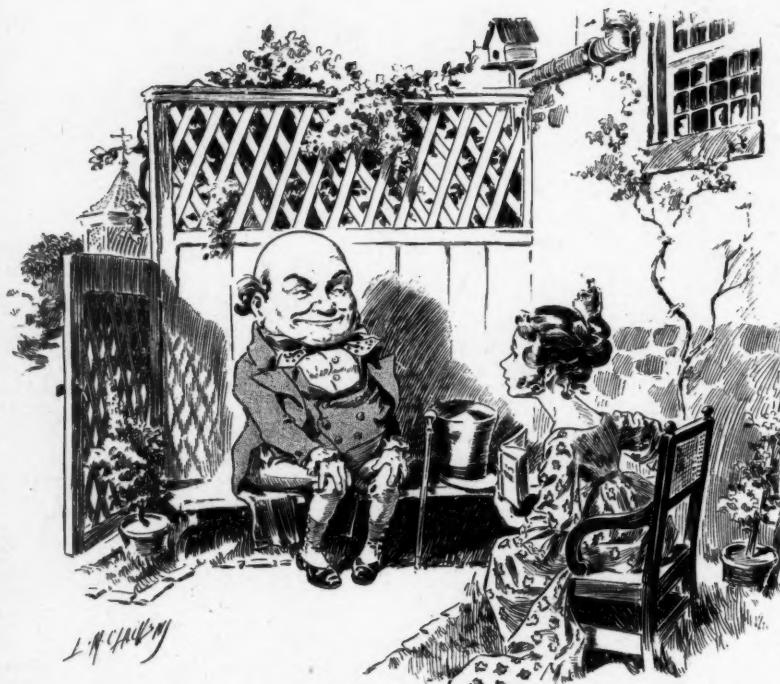
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CÆSAR UP TO DATE.

"HELP ME, CASSIUS, OR I SINK!"

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ALL SHE WANTED.

HE.—A maid must not expect such lovers as she finds in books. Few men are paragons.

SHE.—Oh! I should not expect a paragon. I should be satisfied with a lover, young, handsome, brave, noble and unselfish.

MY POLITICAL PLATFORM.

BEING here assembled, at my own request, in a convention of one, I take pleasure in, deeming it my inalienable right so to do, concocting and promulgating the platform upon which I stand, on my own brazen and defiant hook, as a plain American voter:

I sweepingly and unequivocally condemn every political platform on the market as base and clap-trap imitations of the average railway-car platform, made solely to get in on and not to stand on. I denounce all existing catch-cries, such as, "Prosperity follows the What-d'ye-call-it," "What's-his-name and Reform," "The Star-eyed Goddess of So-and-So," "The Octopus of Anything-you-happen-to-think-of," and so forth, as parrot-phrases originally invented as substitutes for argument and since tintinnabulated from every stump for the pleasure of remastication.

I arraign the Fool Killer for obvious and long-continued malfeasance in office, and demand his immediate impeachment. I demand the absolute prohibition of Prohibition and the substitution therefor, and continued use of horse-sense. I heartily indorse money in all its form, except when used as a basis for argument, and recommend that all such discussionists be compelled to fight.

I demand the wide and unrestricted distribution, for one year, of free gold-bricks, free green-goods, free lightning-rods, free biographies of defunct and unimportant Toms, Dicks and Harrys, free electric belts, free fortune-telling, free magnetic healing, free mad-stones, free love potions, and free patent medicines, to the end that the chronically credulous and ever untutored portion of the populace may be enabled to speedily get

plenty; and the introduction, at the end of the specified year, of the bastinado and knout for use upon the soles and bodies of such yokels as still survive and yet desire something for nothing.

I brand as a profanely-qualified liar the man who only consents at the earnest solicitation of his many friends to be a candidate. I reprobate the campaign torch as an invention of the devil, and suggest to the patriot whom nothing will satisfy but that he must have hot grease run down his back that he remain quietly at home and let his loving wife pour a nickel's-worth of melted tallow down the nape of his neck. I condemn the spellbinder as a nuisance and windbag, who does more harm than good to his party. And I demand that the country editors who nail campaign lies, who bewail the condition of the toiling masses, who defy the hydra-headed monsters of monopoly and corruption, who tremble at the encroachments of Wall Street, the Rothschilds, Trusts, and J. Pierpont What's-his-name, who sound clarion notes of warning and see great crises and terrible social revolutions approaching from every point of the compass, and still shudder at the awful crime of '73—I demand that they be taken out and quietly buried in the dark of the moon, as befits corpses that have been dead these many years and don't know it.

I earnestly advocate the elevation to office of the greatest dubs, most irresponsible muts and largest ninkumpoots in each community, particularly to the various state legislatures, and the passage by them of the usual idiotic and damp-hool laws, to the end that the outraged public may speedily rise and kill them by ramming their pestilential legal enactments down their throats, thus making room for the election of a class of law-makers whom we can at least mildly love, honor and obey.

The above is the platform upon which I stand as a plain voter, and, I trust, man of sense, let the chips fall where they may.

Tom P. Morgan.

IMPERIALISM'S NEW FLIGHT.

UNCLE HIRAM.—Here's a piece in the paper, Mandy, that says the planet Mars is inhabited.

AUNT MANDY.—Wal, there! I bin wonderin' ever since I see about it, what on earth them British had them war balloons for!

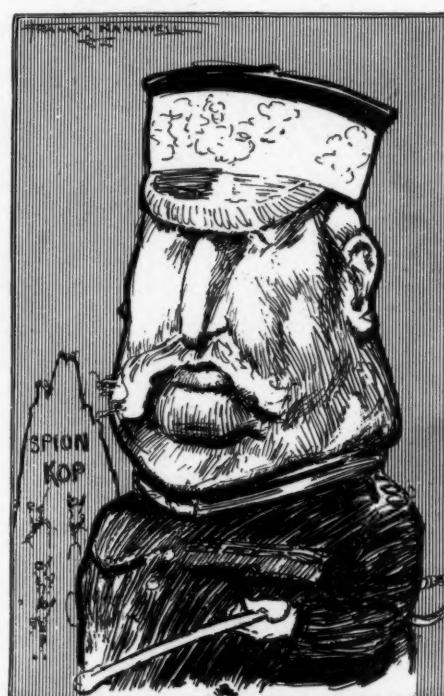
A HINT TO "FEED" IT MORE.

THE PROPRIETOR (during the game of poker, sarcastically).—Anyone would t'ink dis heah game wuz bein' played in Mafeking jes' befo' it wuz relieved.

THE DEALER.—How's dat?

THE PROPRIETOR.—I notice yo's got de kitty on siege rations!

THE BULL movement in South Africa stands some show of being offset by a Bear movement in the Orient.



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PUCKOGRAPH.—LVIII.

A BRITISH GENERAL WHO HAD TO LEARN HOW TO SWIM AND CLIMB.



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HIS LUCK.

SHE.—Two weeks seems such a short vacation.
HE.—That depends on where you spend it. I struck a place where it seemed long.

HAD HEARD OF THEM BEFORE.

TEACHER.—Yes; the Constitution was adopted in 1879. Now, Johnny, can you tell us anything about the principles of American liberty?
JOHNNY.—Gee! I should say I could! Pap's been runnin' fer office ever since I kin remember.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

FIRST CHIEF.—That's a dandy new war club you have.

SECOND CHIEF.—Is n't it a beaut? If I could soak some white man with that, his burden would n't bother him!

A SERIOUS DIFFICULTY.

MRS. ISAACS.—Vot vos all you boys quarreling apoud?

IKEY.—Vell, ve wanted to play ve vos forming a trusdt, but nobody wanted to be der gustomers.



HE DEFIED COMPETITION.

SUMMER BOARDER.—What is the maximum temperature here?

FARMER BACKWOODS.—I can't say exactly, but you can bet it's as maximum as it is anywhere!

ALL THAT saves either party from being as bad as the other is the fact that both can't be in power at once.

FAILURES, of course, may be made the stepping-stones to success; but, if you can manage it, there is no harm skipping some of the steps as you go up.

AN INABILITY to find a rhyme for golf has saved the world a good deal of verse which, while not necessarily lacking in merit, would have proved very tiresome.



AN ACCUSATION.

"You're a regular mischief-maker, you are!"
"I am?"
"Yes, you are! Yer tryin' to make trouble between me an' a goil dat I'd share me last choc'lit caramel wit'."

PUCK.



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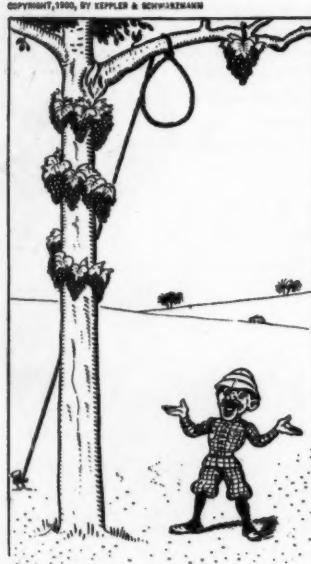
A NEW ATTRACTION.

"I wonder what Izaak Walton would say if he could see you."
"Oh! I think Izaak would discover a new reason for going fishing!"

THE PRICE OF CONSTANT LOYALTY.

"But," said the tourist, "I should think your frequent revolutions would entail an enormous expense upon your people."
"They do," replied the native of the South American republic.
"Why, we often have to change flags several times a day!"

THE GIRAFFE HUNTER.



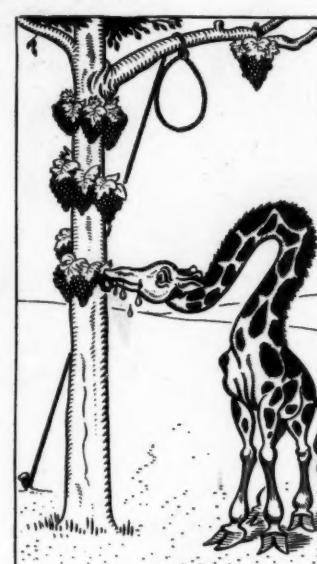
I.

THE HUNTER.—Now, I will show you how easy it is to catch a giraffe.



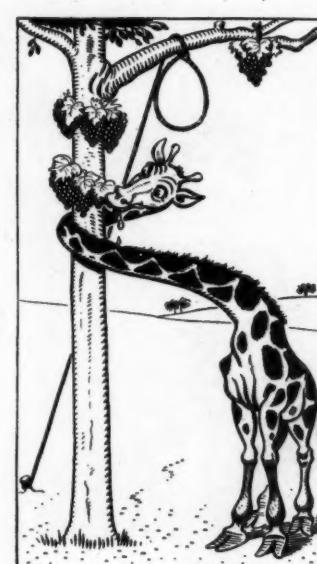
II.

THE GIRAFFE.—Well, I never saw grapes grow in this manner before; but it is certainly a feast for me!



III.

"I guess I'll commence at the bottom and work my way up."



IV.

"This is a regular merry-go-round."

UP TO SNUFF.

THE CITY SPARROW (*in the country*).—Hully Gee! Look at that plumber-billed guy drilling a hole in the tree!

THE BLUEBIRD.—That's only a wood-pecker.

THE CITY SPARROW.—All the same, I'm going to get away from here before he puts in the blast.

IN BOSTON.

MINERVA.—I would n't think of marrying him. Why, he said he hoped he could make me happy!

DIANA.—What is the objection to that?

MINERVA.—Why, he ought to know that mortals are put on earth to fulfill missions—not to be happy!

AN INQUIRY.

FIRST HEN.—Yes; affliction has visited our coop. My poor sister is gone.

SECOND HEN.—So sorry! Did she pass away with a white man or a colored man?

HIS IDEA.

"It is one of those symbolical plays. You've heard of dramatic symbolism?"

"Yes; but what the deuce is it?"

"Why, as I understand it, a symbolical play is a sort of problem play in which you have to guess even at what the problem is."

MUST HAVE.

WIFE.—I opened up an account to-day with another dry goods store, dear!

HUSBAND.—Great Scott! Have they started another one?

WHEN PEOPLE call us lazy we realize that there is a charm about idleness that is only appreciated by the higher type of intellects.

IT IS reasonably certain that if the case could be argued by attorneys who were shrewd enough, before a certain kind of judge, a decision could be obtained that the constitution is unconstitutional.

PUCK.



V.
"These grapes grow around this tree in such a funny way!"



VI.
"And there's the finest bunch of all. Ah! just wait until I set my mouth for it!"



VII.
"Oh! These are simply delicious!"



VIII.
"Great Rubberneck! What's that?"



SOME MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

HAVE JUST heard on the very best authority that there will be no peaches this year—that is, a few million baskets, but none to speak of; although I fail to see why a man can't speak of peaches because there are only a few of them.

It seems that the peaches were all killed by the frost in March. When I heard that, I said that there was always frost in March; but a man who knows explained that the warm weather in February brought out the buds and the frost in March killed them.

Now, I care nothing about peaches when I can't get them, but I must protest about this peach business. I can not remember a year that the peaches were not killed in precisely the same way, and yet the trees never seem to tumble to this confidence game. After seven or eight years experience a peach tree ought to know that warm weather in February is only a bait; but, no! Out come the buds and wave around (or whatever buds do—I am not strong on this point) and then along comes the frost and nips them. The same old game without variation played every year, and the peach tree never learns!

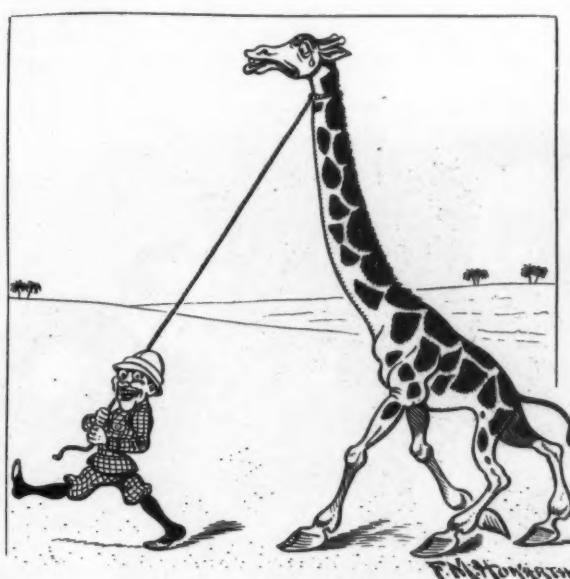
The astounding part of this performance lies in the fact that the peach tree seems to be the only idiot member of the vegetable or animal kingdom. Look how corn behaves! In July or August the corn knows when it is going to be a hard Winter, and puts on a thick coat. As corn is cut down and shucked before Winter comes on it is not apparent why it needs an overcoat, but it just shows its intelligence, and in case it had to stand out in the field all Winter you would never hear it complain.

There's the bee—the busy bee. When a hard Winter is coming the bees know all about it by the first of June, and pitch in like good fellows and store up a lot of honey. Then they go to sleep and the farmer scoops it all out of their hives and puts in some cheap sugar for them to eat, in case they wake up. This teaches them to improve each shining hour next Summer.

You can't fool a beaver on frost and cold. He builds his house extra thick that Summer, and also puts on his back an extra heavy coat of fur, which encourages the hunter to appropriate his hide for ladies' cloaks; and thus is the beaver's sagacity rewarded.

But the most wonderful instance of animal prescience is found in the goose, a creature at which we are apt to sneer, except when served up with gravy and fixings. If the Winter is to be severe, what does the goose do but put dark streaks in his leg-bones, (or, may be, it's the breast-bone,) and when a man sees those streaks he knows it will be cold next January. It is true that no one knows what advantage these streaks are to the goose, as he can't see them; and in order for a man to see them he must dissect the goose. But, no doubt, the goose derives some satisfaction in raising dark streaks, and it is for a wise purpose which will be discovered at the same time as the flying-machine.

These cullings from Nature bring us back, naturally, to the peach-tree and the query why it does not go to the corn, the bee, the beaver and the goose, and be wise. This habit of being caught every year by the same



IX.
THE HUNTER.—Now, come along my spotted friend! That's how we round up giraffes!

trick is a blot on its escutcheon, as they say down South. It is too late this year, but next February, when the warm wave toys with its leaves and tries to coax out the buds, we trust that the peach tree will be adamant or dormant, and not let a bud make its debut until the first of May. Then a family will be able to eat peaches three or four times in a season without forcing Papa to go through the bankruptcy court.

Sidney.

THERE ARE MANY SUCH.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, what is a politician?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—A politician, my son, is a man who hungers and thirsts to sacrifice himself for his country in times of peace.

THE LORD RESPONSIBLE.

"Does n't it seem a bit like extortion to ask twenty-five cents for a stew which has but one oyster in it?" ventured the Gentle.

"We have prayed the Lord to make it a pearl-oyster," replied the Pharisee, with quiet dignity.

HIS NEED.

FRIEND.—The doctors don't seem to be able to do anything for you?

DYSPEPTIC (gloomily).—No; I guess I need a constitutional amendment.

COLLEGE LIFE.

FIRST COLLEGE MAN.—You say your arrest was a case of mistaken identity?

SECOND COLLEGE MAN.—Yes. The cop had on citizen's clothes and I did n't know he belonged to the police in time to get away.

EVIDENCE.

ISAACS.—Oppenheimer says he has a real, chenuine den ber cendl. a weck scheme.

COHENSTEIN.—I don't believe in such t'ings. How do you know it is chenuine?

ISAACS.—Vell, he von't let nopoly in mit him.



THE AUTOMOBILE.

"No horse on this carriage!" says she, With a light little laugh. Ah! but he Has both his hands busy, So he's not to blame, is he, If he answer, "The horse is on me!"

PITS AND PITS.

"This is hell!" cried the Bull Operator and tore his hair. Nor was the sentiment devoid of relevancy. For the bottom had dropped out of wheat, which would naturally tend to give the wheat pit something of the aspect of the bottomless pit.

PUCK.

JUNE AND DECEMBER.



B! Breeze that blows while grows the rose
That never knew December's snows,
Ask if she knows the woes of those
Whose purse felt dissolution's throes
When winds so cold and bold unrolled
A counterpane upon the wold,
And roses sold for gold tenfold
As much as e'er their cups would hold!
Ask why the rose that grows and blows
Glass-shielded from December's snows —
When winds so cold and bold unrolled.
A sheet of white upon the wold —
Would always bring a smile for beaux
Whose untold love was thus well tolled.

When Spring has Winter overbowled,
And June once more around has rolled,
Why is it smiles are sparsely doled
For roses wrought in Nature's mold?
Why is it such caprice she shows
When Nature's lavish hand now throws
A ransom for the Queen of Snows
Into her lap? Well, I suppose,
When all at last 's been said and told,
She's just a maid — the story's old!

Wood Levette Wilson.



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A CLEVER CALCULATOR.

SUNNY SOUTH.—Holler and ask de lady if dat dog is fer sale.

ROUNDER BOUT.—Wot fer?

SUNNY SOUTH.—W'y, if he's fer sale it shows he's no good, and
we'll jump right over de fence and rob de clothes-line!

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

TELLER.—I heartily indorse the idea of the United States Mint coining half-cent pieces.

ASKINGTON.—Why so?

TELLER.—Because it will enable Deacon Pinchbrick to contribute to public enterprises all he wants to without risking heart-disease.

SWIFT.

THE GENTILE.—You have a pretty swift fire department here in New York?

THE OTHER.—Swift? Ach! I could almost say boverty vas no rebroach any more, alretty, in New York.

ONE VIEW OF HER.

BUSINESS CALLER (looking at photograph).—This is a picture of Mrs. Peckington, I suppose?

PECKINGTON.—Yes; that's her when she is — er — getting her picture taken.

AT THE SUMMER RESORT.

MAY.—Dull, is n't it?

BELLE.—Awfully! We have n't a thing to do except to explain to one another why we are not in Paris.

IN OLD KENTUCKY.

"The Bowling Green Bangforths have come into their inheritance, and such insufferable airs as they are putting on!"

"Automobile, I suppose?"

"No; but they sent abroad for a machine gun and are using it in their feuds!"

WE ARE all apt to have a slightly resentful feeling that Fate could have made it a great deal easier for us.



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A HOPELESS CASE.

LAWYER.—Perhaps we can make out an alibi!

PRISONER.—I'se 'fraid not! Dar warn't no pr'r-meeting dat night, no revival, de Tennyson club did n't meet dat night, nor de social purity league; — and, besides, dey kotched me comin' right out ob de coop wif de chickens!

THE ALTERNATIVE.

The collector laid the bill upon the table with a hard, cruel sneer.

"Of course," he said, "you will tell me, as usual, that the Lord will repay me!"

"I trust," replied the clerk of the church, dignifiedly, "you don't imagine I would tell you to go to the devil!"

COULD N'T HOLD HIS HEAD UP.

THE ELEPHANT.—Haw! Haw! How'd the giraffe get the black eye?

THE MONKEY.—On his way home from the stag party, last night, he stepped on it!

BLANCHE.—I made a regular fool of Harry last night.

CORA (eagerly).—Did he really propose?

A POLITICIAN keeps his ears cocked to hear the voice of the people, so that he may know, not what to do, but what to say.

PHILOSOPHY is a beautiful thing. If hornets were philosophers, for instance, how much more satisfactory it would be to the folks who stir up their nests.

IF IN those days there was indeed a breed of whales with throats large enough to swallow a man, it is perhaps not impossible that there was also a breed of camels so small as readily to pass through the eye of a needle.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE FREAK

THE ICE monopoly in New York promises to monopolize no longer the best thought of jurists, statesmen and kickers, the latter being those who had felt its slimy tentacles going through their pockets for loose change: The price of ice is no longer feverish, and the Trust itself is shown to have been in reality a sort of philanthropic institution. The President was wont to look about him for deserving men, and, having found such, to crowd a couple of hundred thousand dollars onto them, with instructions to buy his company's stock with it. Our ingenuous Mayor has related such an experience, after a modest showing of reluctance; and, now that the secret is out, others, equally deserving, will bring themselves to the notice of this generous magnate, and will, we trust, be similarly boosted into opulence. If it were not for certain carping hints of partiality, this particular octopus would probably suffer no further molestation. As it is, however, certain local students of Trust evolution, having observed that this octopus has a tiger's head, have resolved to take it off in the interests of science. They wish to note if its removal would perceptibly impair the beast's prowess. The octopus, meanwhile, frantically beckons the Hon. Richard Croker to its rescue, and that gentleman is now due. We hope and believe he will find enough in the situation to stimulate his powers of generalship into agreeable and wholesome activity.

ANTI-TRUST

A WRETCHED spirit of cynicism has been invoked by the BLUFFS. House of Representatives. Yet the bill itself is even more radical and rigid than any ever proposed by the Bryan school of political science. If any friend of the plain people can ask more after reading it, he has overpaid his time in this sinful world and should be on his way to promote reform in the Kingdom of Heaven. Then why the cynicism, yea, and the jeers and ribaldry which mock this labor of love done by staunch, brave Congressmen for the relief of us Trust-shackled serfs? If we translate the voice of the mob aright, the impression prevails that the Republican party is insincere in the matter. More than once we have heard the rude word "bluff" applied to its action. It is pointed out even by Republican newspapers that until the tariff privileges are withdrawn from favored Trusts, the charge of bad faith must lie against the party. The bill in question does not do this. Indeed, the majority refused to adopt a minority amendment giving the President authority to transfer to the free-list articles controlled by "combinations in restraint of trade." It is further asserted that no Republican voting for this bill believed it would ever get so much as a hearing in the Senate, or that it could be enforced under the constitution if by some miracle it were passed. It is also prophesied by these cynics that Republican orators will presently point with pride to the bill as evidence of their party's stand against Trusts. We shall be interested to observe if any Republican orator has the effrontery to do this.

VICTIMS OF CIVILIZATION.

THE SUPPLY of Democratic campaign slogans is one less by reason of the British victory in South Africa. The "George Washington of the Philippines" cry seems also to be less used than formerly, certain contrasts between the characters of Messrs. Washington and Aguinaldo having been drawn to its disadvantage. Let the political heart-bleeders on Mr. Bryan's staff feel no loss, however, for a new aspirant is up for their sympathy. President McKinley and his administration may now be denounced with the usual phrases in such cases made and provided, for their criminal failure to succor bleeding China. We await the early eruption of Mr. Edward Atkinson, the salty sonnets of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, laureate of the distressed, the cyclonic sympathy of the Hon. Billy Mason and the measured sphygmics of Congressman Seltzer.

And the queer thing about it is that China, on strictly moral grounds deserves more sympathy than she will ever get even from the professional

sympathizers. But, for that matter, so did the North American Indians in 1492; so did Montezuma and his Mexicans; so did the slaughtered Incas of Peru; so did the Filipinos and so do the Boers. Upon strictly moral grounds, be it remembered. And especially the Chinese. No people has ever so religiously minded its own business; none has ever given so little excuse for aggression. No Chinese dynasty has ever fought except to protect those sacred rights which all nations defend for themselves to the bitter end, or to some sort of end. Upon strictly moral grounds the seizure of China will be the most flagrant outrage in all history, which is but a catalogue of crimes. Yet it will be honestly lauded by the world's highest statesmanship, and hypocritically lauded by the Church; and, what is strangest of all, the world will be better for it: civilization will be advanced; genuine enlightenment will spread; and the purpose of our creation, whatever it is, be furthered. And the motive back of it all will be plain, bald greed, the one basic motive power that makes progress possible. Lacking it we would never have left the stone age; rather, we would never have achieved a stone age. Those people who conceive civilization to be a sort of drawing-room affair, with light refreshments and an orchestra behind the potted palms, are naturally distressed when some nation or tribe bumps against this law. But the difficulty is that we are in a scheme where our highest conception of strictly moral grounds has never prevailed. If they will look backward they will see that, on strictly moral grounds, they are not entitled even to a foothold on this earth. To sustain them through the approaching trials of China we can only say that if anybody did plan this world it must have been somebody that knew how.

WOMEN COLORED AND OTHERS.

THE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS has been having a session out in Milwaukee; or, more accurately, a ruction. For the proceedings have been enlivened if not dignified by a squabble over the color-line. Having accepted the dues of the New Era Club of Boston, the Federation refused to admit the delegate of that club to its convention, the delegate in question, Mrs. Joseph St. Pierre Ruffin, being, in our quaint U. S. vernacular, "colored." As a result, the papers on such subjects as "Our Goal of To-day," "The Quality of Mercy," "Individuality in Dress" and "The Show Window" have been interspersed with legal proceedings and lots of cross talk. The doctrine that all men are brothers has received official recognition. That all women are sisters does not seem yet to be even a working hypothesis.



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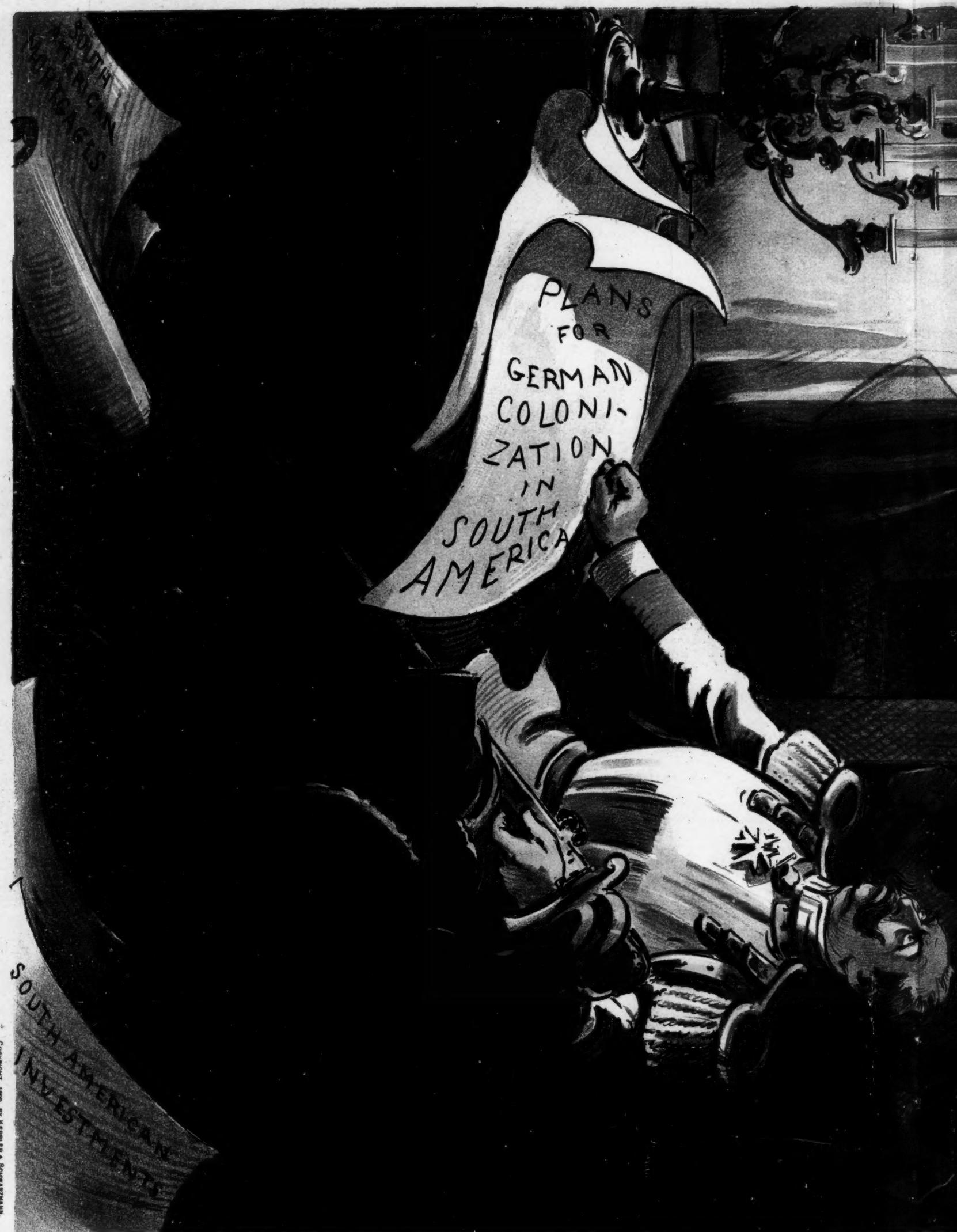
A SIGN.

MR. POBLEIGH.—They are having another lovers' quarrel down in the parlor.

MRS. POBLEIGH.—How do you know?

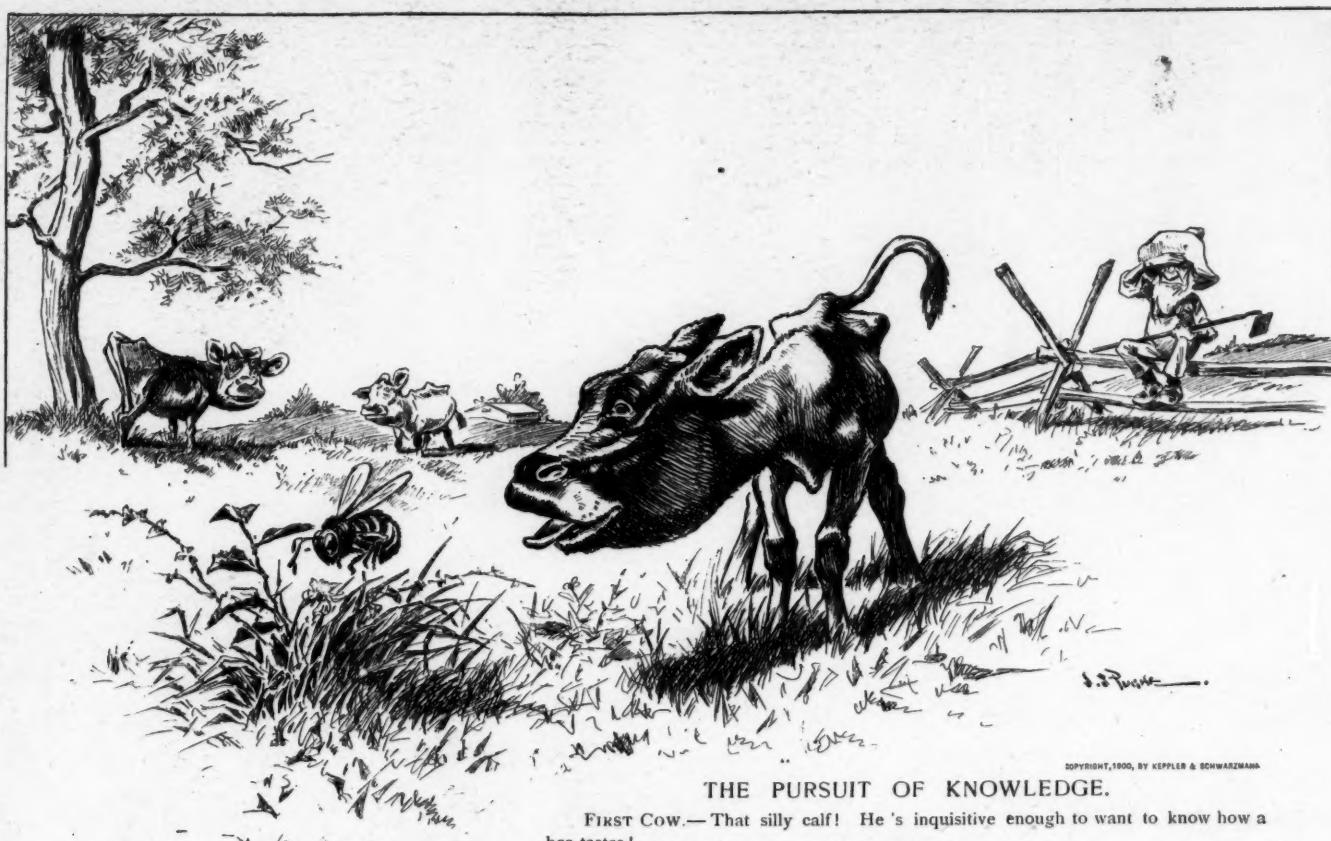
MR. POBLEIGH.—The light is on full head!

A HINT FROM HISTORY.





PUCK



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THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

FIRST COW.—That silly calf! He's inquisitive enough to want to know how a bee tastes!

SECOND COW.—He's more likely to find out that it tastes hotter than horse-radish.

LOCAL ITEMS.

FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL (WASHINGTON, D. C.) RECORD AND INTELLIGENCER.



IN APOLOGIZING for issuing three days' late this week, we wish to state that Auntie Hoar came into our office Monday afternoon while we were out, it being just second to time, and jammed a clothes-pole through the interior of our elegant new Washington handpress.

It was not until yesterday that we got things in running order again. We presume that this high-handed piece of business was on account of our scattering an adult's dose of buckshot in the immediate vicinity of Auntie's yellow pup, Aguinaldo, Sunday morning. We meant nothing by this bit of playfulness and thought that a little excitement would probably do Ag's rheumatism good. The last we saw of the pup he was hitting the pike at a very creditable rate of momentum, considering the fact that his off hind-leg was playing a purely ornamental part in the proceedings. Now, far be it from us to hold out any threats toward a lady, but we must observe that it is mighty lucky for some people that the county has abolished the use of the gag-bridle for common scolds.

It is with mingled feelings of grief and shame that we mention the recent disgraceful affair between Andy Carnegie and Hank Frick. As Hank passed down High Street he met Andy coming out of Mark Hanna's general store, where he had been to trade a coonskin for an axhelve. Hank was accoutred with a hoe handle, and, as luck would have it, all the loafers in front of the tavern had just stepped inside to take a drink with George Dewey, the enterprising and popular candidate for Poormaster. There was not a soul in sight to keep the belligerents apart, we having gone behind Beveridge's pump in order to avoid any flying debris. It was thus that we witnessed the humiliating spectacle in full, Hank merely slinking down one side of the street and Andy up the other. After all the talk that has been passed between these worthies the least we expected was a catch-as-catch-can jawing match. But, as Shakspere justly says, "O tempora! O mores!"

Don't fail to attend the concert to be given next Saturday at Zebulon M. E. Church for the benefit of Friendship Tent, Grandsons of Jonadab. Billy Mason will sing a coon song and chorus, "My Filipino Baby;" Will Sulzer will recite, "Curfew Shall Not Ring November Fourth;" Johnny Hay will render an original dialect poem, entitled, "A Little Man in Big Breeches;" Little Lem Quigg, the child phenomenon, will tackle "When We Ran With the Old Machine;" Ly Gage will perform a few highly moral tricks with coins; and other features too numerous to mention. Tickets at Root's Drug Store, and at this office. Come one, come all! Admission, two bits.

John Long, better known as "Shorty," called on us recently and presented us with a load of hickory wood in acknowledgment of the obituary we published last issue on the demise of his mule, Vice-Presidential Candidacy. The mule was a harmless sort of critter, but was never very stout, and, as Uncle Chaunce remarks, his name was probably too hefty for him. Call again, John!

We regret to inform our readers that Web Davis has moved his residence from this township. Web has not decided just where he will locate yet, but gossip says that he is thinking some of spending a few days in Kansas City (Mo.) when the weather gets warmer.

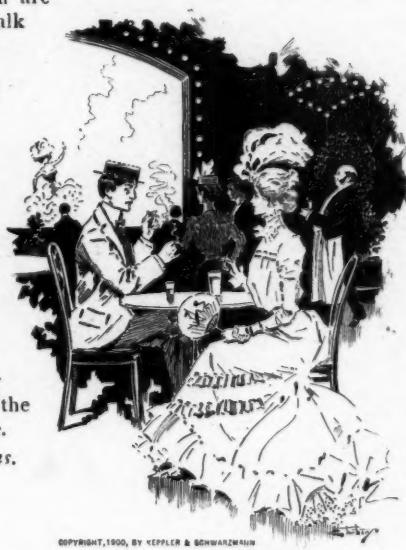
Pay up, people! If your subscription is overdue we expect you to call at once and settle, unless you are desirous of having a heart-to-heart talk with the sheriff. Come to taw!

Building is brisk. Two stores, a blacksmith-shop, and a shooting gallery during the past sixty days, to say nothing of all the fencing Will McKinley is doing.

We received a very pleasant call lately from the sporting editor of the *War Cry*. He reports good business and a rapidly growing circulation in Kentucky.

Mr. Perry Belmont, of New York (N. Y.), was recently in our midst, attending the meeting of the Young Men's Anti-Cigarette League.

W. S. Adkins.



HIS LATEST GO.

Your Uncle Sam is an Island King.

Says he: "I'm late, I know; But I'll have a go at this sort of thing, — An Archipela—go!"

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AN OPINION.

"These roof gardens are delightful." "Yes, indeed! Without them the city would be as dull as some of the summer resorts."

BUT THEY DON'T TURN THE OTHER CHEEK.

WARWICK.—I've read that the Boers are a very religious people; that they never use profanity in any form.

WICKWIRE.—No; so I've read. Why, it is said that they won't even use "dum-dum" bullets without apologizing!



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FER FULL a year my Ma kep' sayin',
When she kep' me in from playin',
To feel the joy that duty brings
And wash up all the supper things
And fetch in piles of kindlin' wood
And help her as a Christian should:
"When yer birthday comes," says she,
"I'll take you to the Dime-Musee."

Well, it come at last, you see,
And Ma she fixed me up, by gee!
Sue, she wore her Sunday things
And her little hat that has pink strings.
I had new pants from Uncle John
And my waist with little horseshoes on,
And Ma had frizzes, too, dear me!
And off we went to the Dime-Musee.

Well, I'm not sayin' it was n't fine,
But I want a bit more view in mine.
The crowd kep' pushin' to and fro
And Ma held to my hand, you know,
And jerked this way and that — no jokin'
Until I thought I'd die of chokin'.
Honest, I believed I'd rather be
In Jericho than the Dime-Musee!

When there was something fine to see
Why, Ma stood plump in front of me;
And when I says, "I can't see that,"
She says, "Hush! where's yer manners at?"
I saw two monkeys scratch their chins
And caught a glimpse of the mermaid's fins;
But, till I'm bigger than Ma, by gee!
I've had enough of the Dime Musee!

O'Neill Latham.

THE DIME-MUSEE.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes:

Address THE KEELEY INSTITUTE at either
Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal.
2110 Market St.,
West Haven, Conn.

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211 North Capitol St.
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Marion, Ind.
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New Orleans, La.
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Portland, Me.
151 Congress St.
Lexington, Mass.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Cor. 10th St. & Park Ave.

St. Louis, Mo.
2205 Locust St.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
225 Niagara St.

White Plains, N. Y.
1208 Locust St.
Columbus, Ohio.
90 N. 4th St.

Philadelphia, Pa.
812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa.
4246 Fifth Ave.

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Richmond, Va.
1012 E. Marshall St.
Waukesha, Wis.

Address the Institute nearest you.

"Non-Hereditry of Inebriety," by Dr. LESLIE E. KEELEY, mailed upon application.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50
for a superb box of candy
by express, prepaid east of
Denver or west of New York.
Suitable for presents. Sample
orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

WURLITZER BEATS THE WORLD
Brass Band

INSTRUMENTS, DRUMS, ETC.
Reduced Prices. Don't buy until you
see new 80-pp. Cat. B. MAILED FREE.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.,
192 E. Fourth Street, CINCINNATI, O.

THE SOCIETY MOTHER.

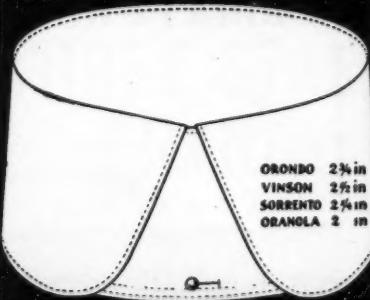
"She's always boasting of her children."
"Yes; the nurse tells her such remarkable stories about them." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

ANOTHER model Vermont bank officer has eloped with a goodly portion of the funds of the institution. About the only thing he left behind is a vacancy in a Sunday-school of which he was the superintendent. — *Washington Post.*

H. & I. Collars



SUMMER COLLAR COMFORT.

The celebrated H. & I. Brand collars are comfortable, easy-fitting collars. They are designed with intelligent care, and fit the neck of the wearer, instead of a theory of what his neck ought to be. When you get your right size and correct height in H. & I. collars you will have got just the collars you ought to have, from every point of view. They are always correct in style, and are made of carefully selected, reliable linens. They last longer, and look better, and fit better than any other collars sold at the price. If you do not find them at your dealer's, send us 25 cents, giving the style, size and height you wish, and we will send you two collars of perfect satisfaction. Ask for our free "Style Book for Men."

HOLMES & IDE, Department P., Troy, N. Y.



2 For 25¢

A DOG'S LIFE.

BROWN.—Yes; Jones married a rich wife, but he leads a dog's life.

JONES.—Is that so?

BROWN.—Yes; he does n't do a blessed thing but lay around the house and go out for an airing between meals. — *Detroit Free Press.*

THE men on top in a business enterprise are the ones that get in on the ground floor. — *Indianapolis News.*

THE devil enjoys himself in the company of people who are well pleased with themselves. — *Ram's Horn.*

AFTER ALL, has n't it occurred to you that you get the greatest comfort out of the plain, plug people? — *Atchison Globe.*

Headaches and loss of appetite are common complaints in the Spring. Try Dr. Sieger's Angostura Bitters and beware of cheap domestic substitutes.

"DUQUESNE LIMITED" BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

"The Duquesne Limited" is the popular train between Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York City, leaving Pittsburg daily at 6:30 P. M., arriving Philadelphia 5:35 A. M., New York 7:50 A. M. Returning leave New York 7:00 P. M., Philadelphia 9:35 P. M., arriving Pittsburg 8:55 A. M. This is the popular business man's train, allowing him one full day to transact business in either of the cities. Elegant Pullman Accommodations and Dining Car Service. The first-class rate for this train, Pittsburg to Philadelphia, or vice versa, only \$8.00; Pittsburg to New York, or vice versa, \$9.00.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 23d St. in Greater New
York.

CHEW

Beeman's The Original Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



Rae's Lucca Olive Oil...

Combines
Perfection
of Quality
with
Absolute
Purity

S. RAE & CO.,
Leghorn, Italy.
Established 1836.

Established 1823. WILSON WHISKEY. That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

A MORTIFYING PAST.

"I wish I had staid away from that fortune-teller."

"Did n't she promise you a prosperous and pleasant future?"

"Yes; but she told me I had an uncle who blew out the gas." — *Detroit Free Press.*

Absolutely Reliable Always

Remington Standard Typewriter.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
327 Broadway, New York.

SHIRKING RESPONSIBILITY.

"Well, this is great, I must say."

"What?"

"Our French teacher sends a note to ask that if we meet any of her friends in Paris we will kindly not mention that we studied with her." — *Chicago Record.*

WHAT ARE THE "Club Cocktails?"

Drinks that are famous the world over. Made from the best of liquors and used by thousands of men and women in their own homes in place of tonics, whose composition is unknown.

Are they on your side-board?

Would not such a drink put new life into the tired woman who has shopped all day? Would it not be the drink to offer to the husband when he returns home after his day's business?

Choice of Manhattan, Martini, Tom or Holland Gin, Vermouth, York or Whisky.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
29 Broadway, N.Y. Hartford, Conn.



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AS A RULE.

EDITH.—He says I am a pearl of great price!

ETHEL.—Yes; but fellows who talk like that never have the price!

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is the pure juice of the grape naturally fermented. For bouquet it has no superior.

Don't dally along with dyspepsia—it's dangerous. Cure it quickly by taking regular doses of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. It never fails.

AN EDUCATIONAL PROGRAMME.

"Is your boy's education nearly complete?" asked the friend.

"Yes," answered the man who is nothing if not sarcastic. "He knows the classics and the higher mathematics and logic and philosophy pretty thoroughly. I'm going to see if I can't put the finishing touches on his culture and get him so he can calculate the interest on a thirty-day note without getting brain-fag and read the daily news without yawning." — *Washington Star.*

"What places of note did you visit while in the Old Country?"

"One of the cities I visited was Stopper in Ireland."

"Stopper? Why, man, there is no such place as that in Ire—! Ah! You mean Cork."

"Yes; that's it! I knew it was something about a bottle." — *Norristown Herald.*



SUE BRETT.—Is the new piece realistic?

FOOT LIGHT.—Well, I should say so! Why, you know, the couple get married and go to housekeeping, and the wife bakes cake right in sight of the audience, and her husband eats it.

SUE BRETT.—Oh, pshaw! I did n't know it was a tragedy! — *Yonkers Statesman.*

WHEN a preacher wants to tell a piece of gossip, he excuses himself by saying that he does it "to illustrate a point." — *Advertiser Globe.*

THE harm of a creed is in converting it from a staff into a club.—*Ram's Horn.*

UP to the present no one has taken the pains to sympathize with the person who supplied the geographical names for South Africa.—*Washington Post.*

Grand Cañon of Arizona

Most wonderful scene in the world, now quickly and comfortably reached by rail instead of by a long stage ride.

An inexpensive side excursion to a California trip on the

Santa Fe Route

For full particulars apply to

General Passenger Office
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Co.
CHICAGO.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. L. Lebanon, Ohio.

Tourists, Cyclists,
Golfers, Yachtsmen,
Summer Resorts,

and all members of the Great
Army of Pleasure-Seekers,
should pin your faith to

Evans' Ale

for being the only truly good
beverage that can always be
depended upon.

Refreshing,
Appetizing, Satisfying,
Easy to Get,
Easy to Serve, Always Ready,
No Sediment.

Any Dealer anywhere will supply it.



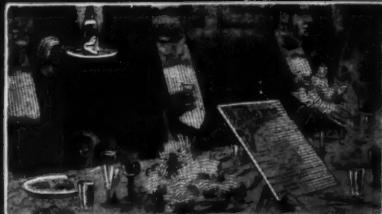
If it isn't
an Eastman,
it isn't
a Kodak.



Folding
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Kodaks have
achromatic
lenses, automatic
shutters, are made of
aluminum and load in
daylight. \$10.00 to
\$17.50.
Eastman Kodak Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.

The Water of the Banquet Menu



White Rock OZONEATE LITHIA WATER

White Rock is selected for the first-class
banquet menu because it has the sparkle
and piquancy of charged water without
the harshness and burn; because it
keeps the intellect clear and the appetite
keen. Its exclusive mellow quality
enhances the pleasure of any refection.

Four pints of White Rock will be sent anywhere in the United
States, prepaid, upon receipt of \$1.00. After drinking four
pints you will buy it regularly of your dealer. Books FREE.

White Rock Mineral Spring Company,
Waukesha, Wis.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND

METAL POLISH — Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant,
durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at
dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Manf., Indianapolis, Ind.



EMINENTLY PREFERABLE.

FARMER GIDDAP.—Gabe Swank swears he won't shave his face till William Jennings Bryan is elected President and Free Silver triumphs at the polls.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—That's the first real smart scheme I ever heard of Gabe havin'. It is a whole lot more picturesque and profitable to have whiskers forty feet long and draw an enormous salary as a side-show attraction than it is to have sense and be simply one of the majority.

SENSIBLE.

STERN PAPA.—So that young whipper-snapper, Smith, wants to marry you?

DAUGHTER.—Yes, Papa. What did you say?

STERN PAPA.—I did n't say anything. I would n't listen to him.

DAUGHTER (in tears).—O Papa! when you—

STERN PAPA.—Don't you begin, now. I won't have it. That's why I shut him up. What do I want to hear a whole lot of promises and prospectus talk and half-page advertising business about what he thinks of you and what he will do, and all that, for? I don't. Go long and get married if you want to, and the Lord have mercy on you. I'll give you a check for \$25,000 on your wedding day, so you can be just as sassy to him as you want to be. Run along, now, and don't bother me.—Detroit Free Press.

A LESSON — PERHAPS.

SHARP FATHER.—I believe that handsome stranger has fallen in love with you, my dear.

EXTRAVAGANT DAUGHTER.—Do you? Why?

SHARP FATHER.—I saw him gazing sadly at that expensive dress you have on.—New York Weekly.

AN INFANT INDUSTRY.

DE WRITER.—What are you doing now?

SCRIBBLER.—Writing \$10,000 prize stories for the Great North American Literary Syndicate.

"What do they pay you?"

"Ten dollars a week."—New York Weekly.

UTTERLY RIDICULOUS.

MAY.—These post-office clerks are just simple. I gave one a letter to-day, and he said it needed another stamp because it was overweight.

FAY.—Well?

MAY.—Goodness! don't you see? Another stamp would make it still heavier.—Catholic Standard and Times.

TACKLED BY A TRAMP.

"Weary, I 'm goin' to tackle dis yer Dr. Pearson's rules fer livin' to a green old age."

"Wot are they, Dusty?"

"Keep cool, don't git excited, don't overload de stummick, don't eat late suppers, an' take a snooze after dinner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Excellence

Its true excellence has won for it the most pronounced success

The superior qualities of

Hunter Whiskey

baffle imitation and
defy competition.

It is just the thing always,
UNIQUE and UNIFORM.

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers,
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



INCOMPARABLE FOR THEIR GREAT
CREAMY LUXURIOUS LATHER
WILLIAMS'
SHAVING SOAPS
SOLD EVERYWHERE

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cts.
Jersey Cream (Toilet) Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes,
1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 1c. stamp.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS' CO.,
CLASTONBURY, CONN.
CONSUMERS' LEAGUE, 21 W. 44th Street, NEW YORK CITY

After the meal is over.
When you have eaten the pie,
Sometimes a feeling comes o'er you
As if you wanted to die;
But stay, there's relief for that feeling—
That feeling of dire distress,
T is—listen to me while I tell you—
"Tabules R.I.P.A.N.S." (To be spelled.)



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AGENTS EARN \$75.00 TO \$250.00
A MONTH



SELLING TRANSPARENT HANDLE KNIVES.

An article of every-day use—every person a possible customer—best of materials and workmanship. Name, address and emblems of societies and trades, photos, etc., beneath handles. Many other advantages. Makes large and rapid sales.

WE WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Good Commission Paid.

Send 2c. stamp for terms and circulars.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 10 Bar Street, CANTON, O.



RED TOP RYE

THE WHISKEY
OF WHISKIES.



If you're going
on a trip,
Take a friendly
little tip:
Place a bottle in
your grip—

RED TOP RYE.

Ferdinand Westheimer & Sons,
St. Joseph, Mo. CINCINNATI, O.
Distillery: Louisville, Ky.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
52, 54 and 56 Bleeker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 50 Bookman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS *Cortez CIGARS* -MADE AT KEY WEST-

These Cigars are manufactured under
the most favorable climatic conditions and
from the mildest blends of Havana to-
bacco. If we had to pay the imported
cigar tax our brands would cost double the
money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

UNNECESSARY.

MRS. HIRAM OFFEN. — Dinah, I
hope you didn't forget to wash the fish
before you put it in to bake?

NEW SERVANT. — Mah Lan'! Whut
fur Ah gwine wash a fish dat's a-labin'
in de watah all hits life? — *Catholic
Standard and Times*.

A RUDE BIRD.

"When Delia's young man calls she
has to put her parrot out of the room."

"What for?"

"Oh! her father taught it to screech,
Time to go!" whenever the clock
strikes." — *Detroit Free Press*.

SPOILED CHILDREN.

JINKS. — There's one good thing
about spoiled children.

BINKS. — What's that?

JINKS. — One never has them in one's
own house. — *New York Weekly*.

YEAST. — With so much shooting
down in Kentucky, one would think
there would be more men shot.

CRIMSONBEAK. — Well, there are a
great many who get "half-shot," you
know. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

THE picture man he shuddered,
When he took Aunt Hannah's first;
For the camera cost money,
And he felt he hardly durst.
— *Indianapolis News*.

MANY a man puts a fine monument
over the grave of his wife, who made her
get up and light the fire every morning.
— *Ram's Horn*.



DRAWN IN 1900 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

SHE GIVES HIM A TESTIMONIAL.

GROCER. — You know I keep the best of groceries and my prices are as low as anybody's.

MRS. GROGAN. — Well, that's as it may be; but I will say that ye can jolly yer customers aqual to anny man in the business!

SENSELESS PRIDE.

MOTHER. — What? Going to marry that fellow Ginsling? He's a bartender.
DAUGHTER. — You need n't talk. Your only son tends a soda fountain in a prohibition town. — *New York Weekly*.

AMERICA'S SUMMER RESORTS

are described and shown on a map in No. 3 of
the New York Central's "Four-Track Series,"
just out. A very convenient thing to refer to
if you contemplate a trip to some resort.

A copy will be sent free on receipt of a postage stamp, by
George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station,
New York.

Ready
for
a
Run

The man who wears the President Improved Suspender
is ready for a run or a ride, for working or for walking.
He has the best equipment in suspenders that it is possible
to secure. It does away with belts and buckles.
It relegates to the past the old fashioned leather
straps that served as suspenders.

President Suspender

IMPROVED

is so constructed that it readily adjusts itself to every
bend of the body. Trimmings will not rust. Be sure
you get the genuine. Refuse imitations.

\$1500.00 FOR YOUR ESTIMATE.

Every purchaser of President Suspender is entitled to take part in
the Presidential Vote Contest. \$1500.00 in gold as prizes. Full in-
formation given with each suspender. At all dealers or direct from
us, 50 est. postpaid. Contest is open now. Close Nov. 5th.
THE C. A. EDGARSON MFG. CO., Box 218, Shirley, Mass.

Surveying

is one way to a successful career
as a Civil Engineer. Mechanical
and Architectural Drafting
are stopping stones to
paying professions. Busy men
can prepare by our method of
teaching by mail to

Take a Better Position

No interruption of work. No loss
of salary. Courses in Bridge,
Steam, Electrical or Civil Engi-
neering, Architectural or
Mechanical Drafting, Archi-
tecture, Book-keeping, Short-
hand, English Branches.

THE INTERNATIONAL
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 918, SCRANTON, PA.



MRS. CRIMSONBEAK. — I just went
into the store out of curiosity.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK. — I did n't know
a woman was ever out of that. — *Yonkers
Statesman*.

**KAISER MOUSTACHE
PATENTED TRAINER**
Trains moustache in 5 minutes for all
day. New thing. Rapid seller. No com-
petition. Agents \$5 a DAY
SAMPLE 50 cents.
BEFORE:
AFTER:

A VALUABLE PUBLICATION.

The Pennsylvania Railroad 1900 Summer Excursion Route Book.

On June 1 the Passenger Department of the
Pennsylvania Railroad Company will publish
the 1900 edition of its Summer Excursion Route
Book. This work is designed to provide the public
with descriptive notes of the principal Summer
Resorts of Eastern America, with the best
routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare.
It contains all the principal seashore and mountain
resorts of the East, and over seventeen hundred
different routes or combinations of routes.
The book has been compiled with the greatest
care, and altogether is the most complete and
comprehensive handbook of Summer travel
ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed
in colors, and the book contains several maps,
presenting the exact routes over which tickets are
sold. The book is profusely illustrated with
fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various
resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania
Railroad.

On and after June 1 this very interesting book
may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad
ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or,
upon application to the general office, Broad
Street Station, by mail for twenty cents.

THOSE TEAKETTLE SPRINKLING CARTS.

"That new sprinkling cart driver
has quit."

"What was the matter?"

"He's a little nearsighted, and he
says that five minutes after he got the
cart empty he could n't tell for the life
of him which streets he had sprinkled."
— *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A HOPEFUL VIEW.

HE (*despondently*). — Our marriage
will have to be postponed. I have lost
my situation, and have no income at
all.

SHE (*hopefully*). — That does n't
matter now, my dear! I've learned
how to trim my own hats. — *New York
Weekly*.

ALL WORRY.

A pauper is a man 'at always worries
quite a lot

Becos he can't accumerlate no money.
The plutocrat he worries for fear 'at
what he's got

'Ll git away frum him. Now, ain't it
funny?

— *Catholic Standard and Times*.

OF course, hard luck does overtake
some men, but it will usually be found
that they were sitting down when they
were overtaken. — *Indianapolis News*.

IT won't do any good to pray for the
South Sea Islander so long as you won't
speak to the man who lives in the next
house. — *Ram's Horn*.

NEEDED ROOM.

MRS. GRUMMPS (*looking over new house*).—What in the world is that vast attic for?

MR. GRUMMPS.—It's to hold the things that you buy and can't use.—*New York Weekly*.

HIS REASON.

"What is your favorite recitation?" asked the hostess.

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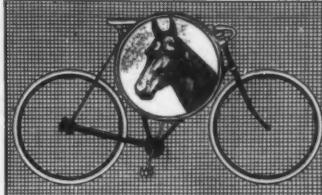
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